The World

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SAVE HOOK MOUNTAIN!

What is a mere mountain in a land full of them to the vested interests of a stone crusher? What do scenic ideals amount to where a few thousand dollars' worth of marketable trap rock is concerned?

The mountain, to be sure, is the crowning glory of the particular reach of the Hudson which visitors from abroad have pronounced finer than anything on the Rhine. It stands sentinel at the head of the great palisaded gateway to New York.

It saw Hendrik Hudson sail by; by an ironical coincidence the very year in which the proposal is made to build a towering monument to Hudson on the Navesink Highlands sees the project to sacrifice this noble natural monument seriously contemplated. It overlooked Andre's operations and saw the Clermont puff her way up the river. It was the scene of Irving's dreams. As a landmark of romance no less than because of its scenic grandeur it should be saved.

Yet it is to be scarred and mutilated to pave a city's streets. To defeat the Carpenter and Wainwright bills, the purpose of which is to acquire Hook Mountain for addition to the Palisade Park, every trick of legislative obstruction has been used by its enemies. There is no question where the funds are to come from; private subscription has guaranteed them. There is no question of popular approval.

Yet a sinister minority opposition in the Senate has so far been able to block their passage. What are the motives behind the objections of Senators Malby and Allds to this free gift to the people? In reflecting the unexplained opposition of Odell, who when Governor vetoed a similar measure, they put the State in the humiliating attitude of holding up the public interest to foster private greed of an unusually sordid kind.

SIGNS OF PEACE IN THE MINES.

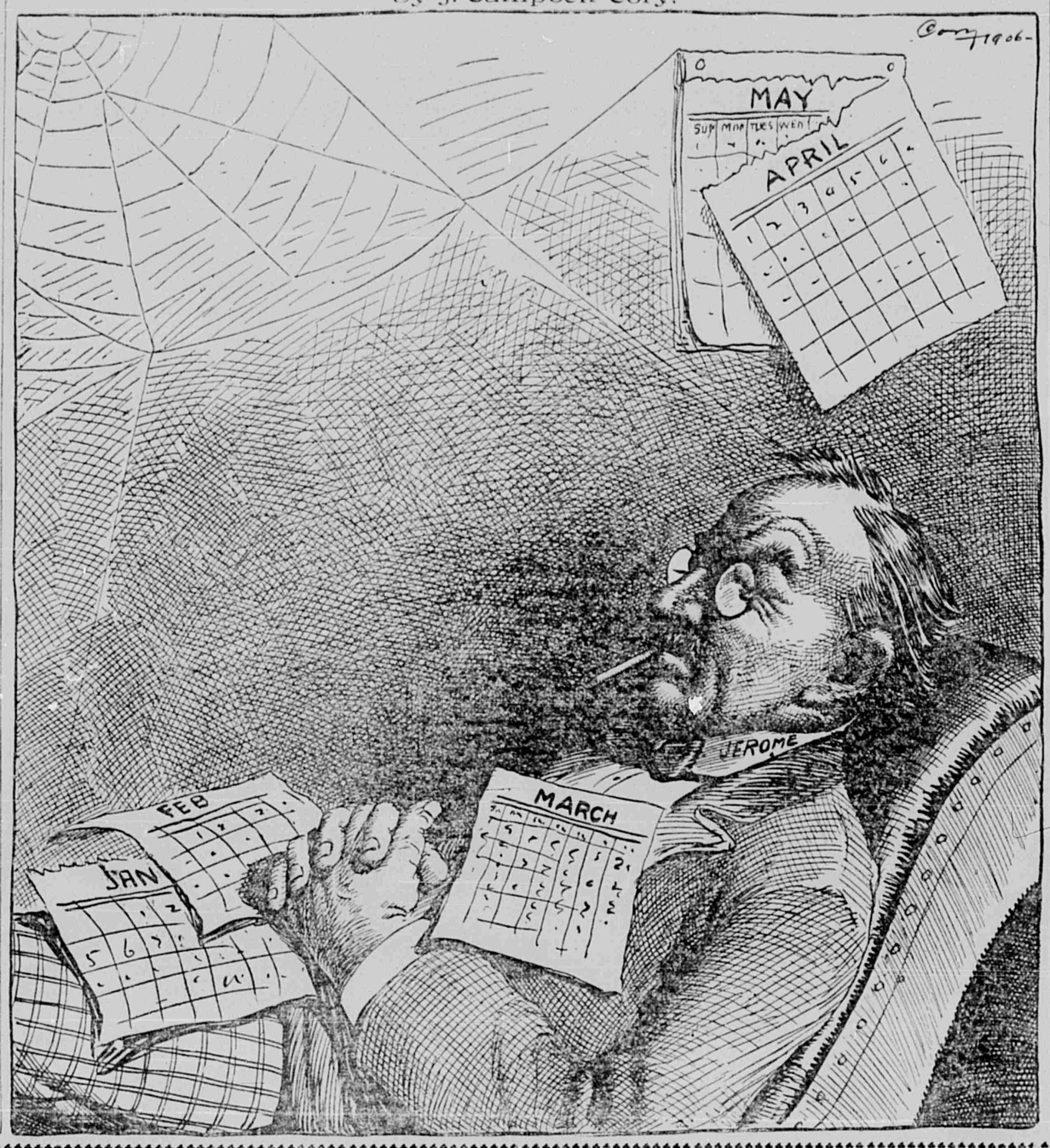
The alternative propositions submitted to the operators by the anthracite mine workers' scale committee reduce the whole controversy to a simple question of wages. If the operators refuse to accept either set of terms they can hardly fail to offer to arbitrate the wage question on some such basis. An agreement should be easily reached and in the mean time work resumed in the mines.

The first proposition is a graded increase of wages from 15 to 5 per cent. for mine workers receiving from $1 to $1.75 and over a day. The second is a flat advance of ten cents a ton to be added to the mine workers' wages and divided among them by mutual agreement of the miners' and operators' committees. Both propositions in effect are reasonably assumed to amount to the same thing—an increase of ten cents a ton in the labor cost of production.

Of course, the public will be expected to pay the increase. Probably it would not make serious objection if it could be assured that the increase in wages designed to repay the mine workers for the increased cost of living will not be made a pretext by the operators for scooping deeper into the consumers' pockets, as was done in 1903.

And Still He Sleeps!

By J. Campbell Cory.



SAN FRANCISCO.

By Mrs. V. Mott Pierce.

OH, land of sunshine and of flowers,
Oh, glowing Golden West,
My heart is numb with anguish
And sorrow tears my breast
To see thy sun-kissed tresses
Turned to an ashen gray,
Thy head bowed to the blackened earth
Where fruitful opulence so late held sway.
Oh, Pearl of the Pacific wave,
Thou Goddess rising from the sea,
Stricken and withered in thy prime,
My soul moans out to thee.

Thy Golden Gates were ever opened wide
To welcome stranger to thy verdant shore,
Where generous hearts and outstretched hands
Claimed him a kinsman forever more.
To enter once thy magic gate
Was to feel the subtle winning charm
That pervades the air around thee
Like a soothing, healing balm.
It softly steals upon the senses
Like a rare and aromatic spice
Or the blossoming scent of orange groves
Within thy earthly Paradise.

The sun, pale, rising on his course
Through heaven's boundless space
Gleams with a brighter glory
When to thee he turns his face;
O'er thee his shimmering robes are flung,
His streaming pennons bright,
With roseate kisses on thy brow
He smiles a fond good night;
Then in his flaming chariot,
With prismic banners dressed,
He sinks to sleep in the tender arms
Of his dear, beloved West.

Oh, brilliant land of girlhood days,
Dear, sunny, flower-decked slopes,
Though miles of desert stretch between
And blighted lie your hopes,
We love thee—how we love thee,
And will, while life shall last,
E'en though thy beauty perish
And be withered in the blast.
Undaunted will thy native sons
With hearts of oak, courageous, true,
Lift up thy drooping golden head
And crown their Queen anew.
Tried in the crucible of fire,
More beautiful shalt thou rise
From thine own ashes, phoenix-like,
Unto the smiling skies.

A gem of the Pacific seas,
A monument to those
Who stoically fought the fight
Through fire and famine's woes.
Brave sons and daughters
Of a brave, fair clime,
Within the halls of fame
Shall ring the glory of your deeds,
And honored be the name
Of the dear land forever
Where hearts beat strong and great,
That City of the Golden West
Beside the Golden Gate.
He loveth whom He chasteneth—
Yea, even by the rod;
Look upward through the darkness
And behold the face of God.

LETTERS from the PEOPLE ANSWERS to QUESTIONS

Another Transfer Kick.

To the Editor of The World:

Last evening I boarded a Second avenue south-bound car at Sixty-fourth street. I did not think [illegible] the conductor for a transfer w[illegible] I handed him my fare, but a moment later I asked for it. The conductor positively refused to give me a transfer, although we had not yet reached Sixty-seventh street. Now, the extra five cents that I was obliged to pay on the crosstown car in order to reach Sixth avenue counts to a person in my circumstances, but is nothing compared to the annoyance and inconvenience and the principle involved. A male passenger told the conductor he ought to be ashamed to act and talk as he did, as the company were certainly not paying him enough for so much zeal. K. H.

A Royalty Account.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am having a song published by a well-known music publishing house. This is my first effort. How am I to ascertain how many copies are being sold, so as to be able to tell the amount due me? I am getting a royalty on them. M. M'C.

The publishers are supposed to keep track of the sales for you, paying you your royalties and giving you a periodical statement of the number of copies sold.

Duty Due a Mother.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

"Perplexed" asks if he should turn his salary over to his mother, who needs it, or to his father, who doesn't, "Perplexed" being a minor. My only advice is to do the right thing by your mother. She took care of you when you were young and it is then right for you to help her now and give her your money. You have but one mother, and while you have a mother do what you can for her. E. ROE.

A Girl's Dilemma.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am a girl fifteen years of age and, as I work through the day, have no time to go out unless evenings, which my parents object to. Now do readers see any harm in my going out evenings with other girls? Please advise. N. M. L.

Blue for Boy, Pink for Girl.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What are the correct colors for baby boy and girl baby to wear?

EMMA E.

The Helmet of Navarre by Bertha Runkle

Author of "THE TRUTH ABOUT TOLNA."

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Felix Broux, who tells the story, is page to Count Edenne de Mar, estranged son of the Duke of St. Quentin, a powerful French noble. The period is 1593, when Henry of Navarre, claimant of the French throne, is besieging Paris. The city is held by the League, under the Duke of Mayenne. St. Quentin is a follower of Henry, but has boldly come to Paris. Mayenne's nephew, Paul de Lorraine, tries to make Mar assassinate St. Quentin. Mar and Paul both love Lorance Montluc, Mayenne's ward. Mayenne has promised her to Paul if the latter can get St. Quentin killed. Mar, accompanied by Felix, goes to serenade Lorance. They are attacked by Mayenne's guards, but escape. On their way home they come upon two men who are defending themselves against a gang of footpads.

CHAPTER XXI.

A Chance Encounter.

(Continued.)

IT was too dark to see much save a mass of struggling figures, with every now and then, as the steel hit, a point of light flashing out, to fade and appear again like a brilliant glowworm. We could scarce tell which were the attackers, which the two comrades we had come to save.

But if we could not make them out, neither could they us. We shouted as boldly as if we had been a company, and in the clatter of their heels on the stones they could not count our feet. They knew not how many followers the darkness held. The group parted. Two men remained in hot combat close under the left wall. Across the way one sturdy fighter held off two, while a sixth man, crying on his mates to follow, fled down the lane.

M. Etienne knew now what he was about, and at once took sides with the solitary fencer. The combat being made equal, I started in pursuit of the flying figure. I had run but a few yards, however, when I tripped and fell prostrate over the body of a man. I was up in a moment, feeling him to find out if he were dead; my hands over his heart dipped into a pool of something wet and warm like new milk. I wiped them on his sleeve as best I could, and hastily groped about for his sword. He did not need it now, and I did.

When I rose with it my quarry was swallowed up in the shadows. M. Etienne, whose light clothing made a distinguishable spot in the gloom, had driven his opponent, or his opponent had driven him, some rods up the lane the way we had come. I stood perplexed, not knowing where to busy myself. M. Etienne's side I could not reach past the two duels; and of the four men near me, I could by no means tell, as they circled about and about, which were my chosen allies. They were all sombrely clad, their faces blurred in the darkness. When one made a clever pass I knew not whether to rejoice or despair. But at length I picked out one who fenced, though valiantly enough, yet with greater effort than the rest; and I deemed that this had been the hardest pressed of all and must certainly be one of the attacked and the one most deserving of succor. He was plainly losing ground. I darted to his side just as his foe ran him through the arm.

The assailant pulled his blade free and darted back against the wall to face the two of us. But the sword of the wounded man fell from his loose fingers.

"I'm out of it," he cried to me; "I go for aid." And as his late combatant sprang forward to engage me I heard him running off, stumbling where I had.

There had been little light toward the last in the court of the house in the Rue Coupejarrets, and less under the windows of the Hotel de Lorraine; but here was none at all. I had to use my sword solely by the feel of his against it, and I underwent chilling qualms lest presently, without in the least knowing how it got there, I should find his point sticking out of my back. I could hardly believe he was not hitting me; I began to prickle in half a dozen places, and knew not whether the stings were real or imaginary. But one was not imaginary; my shoulder which Lucas had pinked and the doctor bandaged was throbbing painfully. I fancied that in my earlier combat the wound had opened again and that I was bleeding to death; and the fear shook me. I lunged wildly, and I had been sent to my account in short order had not at this moment one of the other pair near us, as it afterward appeared, driven his weapon square through his vis-a-vis's breast.

"I am done for. Run who can!" he cried as he fell. The sword snapped in two against the paving-stones; he rolled over and lay still, his face in the dirt.

My encounterer, with a shout to his single remaining comrade, made off down the lane. On my part, I was very willing to let him depart in peace.

The clash of swords up the lane had ceased at the stricken man's cry, and out of the gloom came the sound of footfalls fainter and fainter. I deemed that the battle was over.

The champion came toward me, three white patches visible for his face and hands; the rest of him but darkness moving in darkness. He held a sword rifled from the enemy, and advanced on me hesitatingly, not sure whether friend or foe remained to him. I felt that an explanation was due from me, but in my ignorance as to who he was and who his foes were, and why they had been fighting him and why we had been fighting them, I stood for a moment confused. It is hard to open conversation with a shadow.

He spoke first, in a voice husky from his exertion:

"Who are you?"

"A friend," I said. "My master and I saw two men fighting four—we came to help the weaker side. Your friend was hurt, but he got away safe to fetch aid."

The unknown made a rapid step toward me, crying, "What"——

But at the word M. Etienne emerged from the shadows.

"Who lives?" he called out. "You, Felix?"

"Not hurt, monsieur. And you?"

"Not a scratch. Nor did I scratch my man. Permit me to congratulate you, monsieur l'inconnu, on our coming up when we did."

The unknown said one word:

"Etienne!"

I sprang forward with the impulse to throw my arms about him, in the pure rapture of recognizing his voice. This struggler, whom we had rushed in, blindfold, to save, was Monsieur! If we had been content to mind our own business, had sheered away like the deputy—it turned me faint to think how long we had delayed with old Morceau, we were so nearly too late. I wanted to see Monsieur, to convince myself that he was all safe, to feel him quick and warm.

I made one pace and stopped; for I remembered what ghastly shape stood between me and Monsieur—that horrible lying story.

"Dieu!" gasped M. Etienne. "Monsieur!"

For a moment we all kept silence, motionless; then Monsieur flung his sword over the wall.

"Do your will, Etienne."

His son darted forward with a cry.

"Monsieur, Monsieur, I am not your assassin! I came to your aid not dreaming who you were; but, had I known, I would have fought a hundred times the harder. I never plotted against you. On the honor of a St. Quentin I swear it."

Monsieur said naught, and we could not see his face; could not know whether he believed or rejected, softened or condemned.

M. Etienne, catching at his breath, went on:

"Monsieur, I know it is hard to credit. I have been a bad son to you, unloving, rebellious, insolent. We quarrelled; I spoke bitter words. But I am no ruffian. I am a St. Quentin. Had you had me whipped from the house, still would I never have raised hand against you. I knew nothing of the plot. Felix told you I was in it—small blame to him. But he was wrong. I knew naught of it."

Had he been content to rest his case here I think Monsieur could not but have believed his innocence on his bare word. The stones in the pavement must have known that he was uttering truth. But he in his eagerness paused for no answer, but went on to stun Monsieur with statements new and amazing to his ear.

"My cousin Grammont—who is dead—was in the plot, and his lackey Pontou and Martin the clerk; but the contriver was Lucas."

"Lucas?"

And he took his son in his arms.

"Lucas," continued M. Etienne. "Or, to give him his true title, Paul de Lorraine, son of Henri de Guise."

"But that is impossible!" Monsieur cried, stupefied.

"It is impossible, but it is true. He is a Lorraine—Mayenne's nephew, and for years Mayenne's spy. He came to you to kill you—for that object pure and simple. Last spring, before he came to you, he was here in Paris with Mayenne, making terms for your murder. He is no Huguenot, no Kingsman. He is Mayenne's henchman, son to Guise himself."

"And how long have you known this?" asked Monsieur.

"Since this morning." Then, as the import of the question struck him he fell back with a groan. "Ah, Monsieur, if you can ask that, I have no more to say. It is useless." He turned away into the darkness.

That they should part thus was too miserable to be endured. I was sure Monsieur's question was no accusation, but the groping of bewilderment.

"M. Etienne, stop!" I commanded. "Monsieur, it is the truth. Indeed it is the truth. He is innocent, and Lucas is a Guise. Monsieur, you must listen to me. M. Etienne, you must wait. I stirred up the whole trouble with my story to you, Monsieur, and I take it back. I believed I was telling the truth. I was wrong. When I left you I went straight back to the Rue Coupejarrets to kill your son—your murderer, I thought. And there I found Grammont and Lucas side by side. We thought them sworn foes; they were hand in glove. They came at me to end me because I had told, and M. Etienne saved me. Lucas mocked him to his face because he had been tricked; Lucas bragged that it was his own scheme—that M. Etienne was his dupe. Vigo will tell you. Vigo heard him. His scheme was to saddle M. Etienne with your murder. He was tricked. He believed what he told me—that the thing was a duel between Lucas and Grammont. You must believe it, monsieur!"

M. Etienne, who had actually obeyed me—me, his lackey—turned to his father once again.

"Monsieur, if you cannot believe me, believe Felix. You believed him when he took away my good name. Believe him now when he restores it."

"Nay," Monsieur cried; "I believe thee, Etienne."

And he took his son in his arms.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Signet of the King.

ALREADY a wan light was revealing the round tops of the plum-trees in M. de Mirabeau's garden, the high gray wall and the narrow alleyway beneath it. And the two vague shapes by me were no longer vague shapes, but were turning moment by moment, as if coming out of an enchantment, into their true forms. It really was Monsieur in the flesh, with a wet glint in his eyes as he kissed his boy.

Neither thought of me, and it was none of my concern what they said to each other. I went a rod or two down the lane, round a curve in the wall and watched the bands of light streaking the eastern sky, in utter content. Never before had the world seemed to me so good a place. Since this misery had come right I knew all the rest would; I should yet dance at M. Etienne's wedding.

I leaned my head back against the wall, and had shut my eyes to consider the matter more quietly, when I heard my name.

"Felix! Felix! Where is the boy got to?"

The sun was clean up over the horizon, and as I blinked and wondered how he had contrived the feat so quickly my two messieurs came hand in hand round the corner to me, the level rays glittering on monsieur's burnished breastplate, on M. Etienne's bright head and on both their shining faces. Now that for the first time I saw them together I found them, despite the dark hair and the yellow, the brown eyes and the gray, wonderfully alike. There was the same carriage, the same cock of the head, the same smile. If I had not known before I knew now the instant I looked at them that the quarrel was over. Save as it gave them a deeper love of each other it might never have been.

I sprang up, and monsieur, my duke, embraced me.

"Lucky we came up the lane when we did, eh, Felix?" M. Etienne said. "But, monsieur, I have not asked you yet what madness sent you traversing this back passage at 2 in the morning."

"I might ask you that, Etienne."

The young man hesitated a bare moment before he answered:

"I am just come from serenading Mlle. de Montluc."

A shade fell over monsieur's radiance. At his look M. Etienne cried out:

"I've told you I'm no Leaguer! Mayenne offered me mademoiselle if I would come over. I refused. Last night he sent me word that he would kill me as a common nuisance if I sought to see her. That was why I tried."

"Monsieur," I cried, curiosity mastering me, "was she in the window?"

He shook his head, his eyes on his father's face.

"Etienne," monsieur said slowly, "can't you see that Mlle. de Montluc is not for you?"

"I shall never see it, monsieur. The first article in my creed says she is for me. And I'll have her yet, for all Mayenne."

"Then, mordieu, we'll steal her together!"

"You! You'll help me?"

"Why, dear son," monsieur explained, "it broke my heart to think of you in the League. I could not bear that my son should help a Spaniard to the throne of France, or a Lorrainer either. But if it is a question of stealing the lady—well, I never prosed about prudence yet, thank God!"

M. Etienne, wet-eyed, laughing, hugged monsieur.

"By St. Quentin, we'll get you your lady. I hated the marriage while I thought it would make you a Leaguer. I could not see you sacrifice your honor to a girl's bright eyes. But your life—that is different."

"My life is a little thing."

"No," monsieur said; "it is a good deal—one's life. But one is not to guard one's life at the cost of all that makes life sweet."

"Ah, you know how I love her!"

"They call me a fool," monsieur went on mustingly, "because I risk my life in wild errands. But, mordieu! I am the wise man. For they who think ever of safety and crouch and scheme and shuffle to procure it, why, look you, they destroy their own ends. For when all is done they have never really lived. And that is why they hate death so, these worthies. While I, who have never cringed to fear, I live like a king. I go my ways without any man's leave; and if death comes to me a little sooner for that I am a poor creature if I do not meet him smiling. If I may live as I please I am content to die when I must."

"Aye," said M. Etienne, "and if we live as we do not please, still we must die presently. Therefore do I purpose never to give over striving after my lady."

"Oh, we'll win her by noon. But first we'll sleep. There's Felix yawning his head off. Come, come."

We set off along the alley, the St. Quentins arm in arm, I at their heels. Monsieur looked over his shoulder with a sudden anxiety.

"Felix, you said Huguet had run for aid?"

"Yes, monsieur; Vigo should have been here before now," I answered, remembering Vigo's promptitude yesterday.

"Every one was asleep; he has been hammering this half hour to get in," M. Etienne said easily.

But monsieur asked of me:

"Was he much hurt, Felix?"

"No, I am sure not, monsieur. He was run through the arm; I am sure he was not hurt otherwise."

(To Be Continued.)

"The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston, author of "The Gambler," will follow "The Helmet of Navarre," on May 21, in The Evening World.